

on the morning we left Ninguta was at 11° Fahrenheit, so we had to push on hard to get to our farthest destination, which we hoped might be on the sea, at the Russian port just beyond Hunchun, and then back to our original starting-point at Newchwang, before the severest part of the Manchurian winter overtook us. The road was terribly bad, again crossing over ridges fifteen hundred to two thousand feet in height, passing over heavy bogs and morasses, and through forests of pine, birch, and oak.

Hunchun we found to be simply a garrison town. There were here about three thousand troops, and the small town there served for little else than to supply their wants. But we discovered in it a number of European articles which had been imported from the Russian station close by. Clocks, sweets, soap, canned fruits, and many other luxuries were to be obtained here, and at a very reasonable price. We bought a can of Singapore pineapples for a shilling. In the direction of the Russian frontier, which was only ten miles distant, were some strong forts mounted with heavy Krupp guns.